

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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LINA AND ONE OF HER UNPROMISING PUPILS.

## GOLDEN HILLS; OR, SINGLE INFLUENCE:

ATALE OF RIBANDISM AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

CHAPTER XVII.—ABOUT NEEDLE AND THREAD.

In April and May Lina's pupils were few; all available hands were cutting potatoes and planting them. The fields were dotted with workers, turning up the brown soil and inserting the sliced tuber, which they hoped would return them tenfold.

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Notwithstanding last year's treachery, the people were confident that this coming crop must prosper; they staked all their hopes upon it; they stinted themselves at meals in order to have a sufficiency of potatoes for "seed." And when the parish was planted throughout, the neighbours had a dance in the biggest barn that was to be obtained.

This chief spring work over, the fisher girls reverted to their former idleness, except when

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high tides brought in wealth of weed, when they spent some amphibious days in collecting it.

"Mary, why have you not been to the work lately?" inquired Lina one day, when, in a walk by the shore, she met one of her vagrant pupils. The girl in question was sitting on a strip of sand in the sun, piling up shells, in company with a knot of children. She rose to her feet.

"I have to go gatherin' barnochs (limpets) for the dinner, Miss," was the reply, as she tucked her wild hair behind her ears, and looked sheepishly at her feet tracing marks in the dust.

"You have not that excuse to-day, Mary." The other grinned, as found out in a piece of cunning. "Your mother tells me that you have been sitting here, or idling about, all the morning. I wonder you don't like to learn the work. Think of the wages you might earn by-and-by."

"I couldn't be always at it," she replied, a little sulkily. "I'd want a bit of fun sometimes, with the other colleens: I couldn't be slavin' for ever."

"It is for your own benefit I speak," said Lina, feeling annoyed. "I take the trouble to teach you, in order that you may be better off. Will you come and learn to-morrow?" No answer. "Oh Mary, I see you have torn up the strip of muslin I gave you—look here;" a crumpled bit had fallen from her fingers unawares. Lina walked on without further speaking.

And the girl sat down again, thoroughly satisfied with her idleness, and tied her hair into tufts with the torn muslin; she stayed till she felt hungry, playing with the shells and some bits of broken delf, and singing stray tunes. In England, she would have been drilled into industry by a parish school, and would have excelled in samplers and stitching; in Ireland, her childhood's training had been idleness and sloth.

"I will never ask that girl again to be a worker," thought Lina, as she walked away rather hurt in spirit. "It is a thankless task to be teaching them. I hope I may be able to go on with it; if I saw a single spark of gratitude for the pains I have been taking—"

Ah, Lina! such a poor reward! would this sustain you more than the remembrance of the Master's smile? She was downcast, and without pleasant thoughts: she had been more than usually discouraged that day, by the inattention of some whom she tried to teach. "I am sorry, almost, that I ever undertook such a task," she said to herself. But, looking up a minute afterwards, she saw another of her pupils sitting on a ledge of the rocks near her father's cabin, working busily. Lina's brow and heart cleared. Here was one grain of good done.

Mary Connell was much her best scholar. She was a short girl, somewhat deformed; and, from her sedentary ways of life, and incapability of the harder manual labour, she was able to take more pains with her work than the others. Her poor unhealthy face brightened and blushed at the approach of "Miss Liney." At first she had been a very unpromising pupil—soured in temper by the wretchedness of her home, where her strong brothers and sisters despised her weak mis-shapen figure, and no allowance was made for the irrita-

bility of her ill-health. Lina had often seen her sitting in the sunlight on a green bank beside her father's cabin, taking care of the youngest child—the only thing she seemed to care for in the world, because it was the only thing that smiled at her, and trusted her. One day the young lady spoke to her, and received for reply a defiant stare, which drove back her courtesy for that time. After a day or two she tried again, and extracted some monosyllables. Lina's kindly smiles gradually thawed that heart, frozen for want of sunshine. It cost an assiduous courtship to induce her to be taught. Lina thought the trouble worth paying, in order to bring another soul under the sound of the Saviour's gospel. And now the deformed girl had found a new object of love in the person of her teacher, and a new interest in the desire to excel.

And Lina knew that if but one soul out of that class of scholars should be redeemed, through her exertions in teaching the truth, such gain to the kingdom of heaven would be far more than worth the toil of her whole lifetime.

Oh, Sunday school teachers, remember this! Every pupil in your charge *must* live for ever. Every soul brightening those childish eyes is of infinite duration, capable of the direst suffering, capable of unfathomed joy! And in your hands of human instrumentality, hath God placed those incalculable issues of woe or of weal!

Such a thought at times almost overwhelmed Lina, and drove her to have recourse to the might of prayer.

She looked now at her pupil's work.

"Mary, this is very nice indeed; you are improving rapidly," she said, passing the muslin across her fingers. "It is also the cleanest you have done."

The girl coloured high with pleasure. "I'm sure I'm heartily glad you likes it, Miss Liney. It don't come nateral to my hands to be always clane, yet awhile, Miss; but I'll thry my best."

"If this is completed as well as you have begun, I will send it for sale, Mary. I think it is good enough, almost."

This honourable distinction was delicious to the worker. Lina went on in her walk, feeling soothed at heart. Mary brought her the collar next afternoon, ready made up. Lina was surprised. "How did you have it done so quickly?"

"Oh, Miss, the mornins is long an' light now, an' I gets up very airly," was the reply. "I thought ye'd like to send it soon, maybe."

Lina had procured the address of an English lady, who interested herself in obtaining sale for the work of the poor. She was timid about writing, now that the time for action had arrived: she depreciated the work in her own mind; it looked coarse and incomplete, on a close, fault-finding inspection. In good time she remembered one of Mrs. Brooke's rules for the promotion of moral strength: "Once resolved, always perform, unless the strongest reasons are adverse;" now these doubts of hers were not reasons, but exaggerated apprehensions. So, she went into her father's office, where he was studying some scientific book with knitted brows, as his manner was: he gene-

rally looked thus while reading, be the subject never so mild. It seemed to help him in concentration of thought.

Lina drew to herself a blotting-sheet, and began to write. Place and date came glibly enough. But should she use the third person, or the proper *ego*—I myself? Ten minutes were spent in trying to devise a note in the former cumbrous fashion; and, when finished, it seemed stiff as a suit of mail. She threw it aside, and resorted to her own natural words, simply stated her case, with a superfluity of conjunctions, and I fear with defective punctuation. And presently the important letter was directed. What would Miss Simson think of that strange writing? It was remarkably clear, but one would not conclude it to be a woman's; Lina dreaded the epithet "masculine." It only possessed the beauties of perfect distinctness and precision of form—qualities undervalued in the angular feminine caligraphy of the age, yet which have been essential to many a success in life.

And Lina found herself, before she was aware, indulging in Alnaschar-like visions of future results—great moneys coming in, a flourishing school, improved cottages, civilized peasantry—all shut up, like the oak in the acorn, within that single clumsy-looking letter, which was travelling among ten thousand others, sealed up in great sheepskin sacks, towards England.

Thrown into a dozen piles of chaos, yet emerging always in the right place; sorted by fifty different hands, shovelled into sacks, which were again disgorged, the letter finally found its way into a carrier's pouch, and briskly stepped the bearer through the sunny streets of a county town, delivering his insignificant packets. Oh, heavily freighted were those paper trifles! To this house bringing joy, or wealth, or pleasant words; to the next, crushed hopes, or bereavement, or blows of poverty; putting in circulation the balm of life and its bitterness, nerving the muscles of the industrious, adding zest to the vapid existence of the idle: can any one imagine a state of society without a postman?

This letter was brought in the apron of a neat servant girl, into a parlour fragrant with subtle odour of tea, where the breakfast-table glistened whitely in a crimson room. Here was sitting a grey-haired lady, one of the honoured old maids of England, a woman with clear energetic eye and prompt benevolent thought, whose life was a commentary, stamping falseness on every word of those who assert that the single woman must necessarily be a weary, objectless being, isolated in interests and feeling—sinking, for very refuge, into slander and petty selfishness.

This lady gave her servant a pleasant smile as she deposited the letters on the table; she thought it good to bestow upon inferiors some of the sunshine too often reserved only for equals and superiors, nor did she find that the condescension levelled social barriers one whit. She quickly opened and examined her letters, being evidently given to action more than to speculation. The frank yet timid language of Lina pleased the lady. Of course, the work was inferior: Miss

Simson shook her head over it. And as she was methodical, and never laded to-morrow with to-day's duty, she wrote a kindly letter by return of post; reciprocating Lina's stiff "Madam" with the more friend-like "Dear Miss Kingston," and into her list of correspondents inserted the name and address.

So this letter travelled again with ten thousand others, and was filtered through post-offices, and slid from bags great to bags small and yet smaller, till Lina stood by its last receptacle, waiting till her father should unlock it, and trying to believe that she was to be disappointed.

"A letter for you, Lina—strange hand;" and he tossed it on the table. Blessings on the punctual correspondent! He or she is helping to establish a great public virtue, and lessening a great private fault; adding a grain of stability to at least two characters, his own and the recipient's; sparing the smart of balked expectation, sometimes saving the pang of hope deferred.

This letter was rather long; but it contained clear directions, statements of the value of the work she might prepare for sale, suggestions as to her mode of teaching—it was just the valuable guide she needed; practicality breathed in every sentence. Miss Simson promised payment at a certain rate for each collar so good as the specimen forwarded. With a pleased flush on her face, Lina told her father about it.

"Very good. That is encouragement." Mr. Kingston spoke commonly in such concentrated clauses; his thoughts seemed thus packed up also. He called her back as she was leaving the study a minute afterwards.

"There are terrible times coming on the country next autumn," he said. "Thoughtful men see the certain tokens of famine and pestilence. Now this district I regard as in a manner given into my hands, to save if I can. You will do no small share in this great work, if you persevere as you have begun. I have not helped you much, for I wanted to see whether the stuff for endurance was in you; I think it is, my daughter. Your scheme will be the better for standing without crutches at first, and yourself the stronger for independence. Just go on; make these girls industrious if you can—give them money-getting power, producing power. Any help you want I shall freely and gladly give. We will work hand-in-hand, to try and save these poor people from the tempest that we see gathering—shall we not?"

And he extended to her his hand, drew her near to him, and kissed her. The tears came into her eyes; he was not demonstrative, he had given her his confidence. Lina felt very happy, and went to the drawing-room with a radiant face.

"Mamma, I have had a letter from Miss Simson, and she will procure sale for any work I send her."

"Indeed, dear?" returned her mother, kindly. "But I don't know who Miss Simson is." For in her anxiety to bear the failure alone, if failure there should be, she had spoken of her effort to nobody. When explained, she was rather mortified at her mother's languid approval. Why are we for ever expecting other people to feel precisely as we do?

Thus particularly have I related Lina's trifling success, because it invigorated her for a long, strong effort—like a first prize to a schoolboy, or the first gold-dust to the earliest Californian miner. Few natures can get on without a glimpse of what they are striving for, at times; this letter was such a glimpse to Lina, of wages possible to be earned by her scholars. She had not imagined that her father's eyes watched her so, as he had declared: his words of approbation remained precious in her memory. They had set her spirit in a glow of that white heat which tempers down into a steel resolve.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A CABIN INTERIOR.

THE old woman at Lissard Point had said, in her gratitude, that she would take care of Mr. Kingston. One would think that the gentleman, in his position so much higher and wealthier, with all the protection of his magistracy about him, needed not her poor guardianship; but there is an old fable concerning the material help which a mouse afforded to a lion.

She sat in the cabin one evening in early May, stirring a cradle with her foot, as is the wont of Irish grandmothers; upon whom, among the peasantry, the task of rearing the little ones devolves. The mother had gone out to dig potatoes from the pit, for the supper of the family; presently she returned, and set down a heavy basket in the corner.

"I'm afeard the pratics are gettin' bad in the pit," she remarked, while she quickened the fire with rapid fanning of her apron. "That'll be a purty story wid us, mother."

"The Lord's will, if it comes, Mary," said the old woman, piously. "Sure we musn't quarrel wid his otherings, though I don't know, meself, what'll become of the people if the blackness continues."

"Or what'll become of ourself," rejoined the daughter, gloomily looking into the fire. "What's to be done with the childher? an' their father hardly ever doin' a shroke of work. He's gone entirely wid thim Black-boys."

The women were silent for some minutes: the younger rose up, washed a tubful of potatoes, and set them down to cook in a great pot. "Maybe it's only the frost on the top, and not the blight at all," said the elder woman.

The other handed her one of the tubers, instead of answering. When cut open with a knife, on the pale yellowish interior were several brown spots, truly of the dreaded disease. Mrs. Riley laid it down with a sigh.

"We must get Carmody to open up the pit to-morrow," she said, "an' spread them out; maybe t'wouldn't go furdher than the outside. It's queer that there wasn't a spot on them an' they growing. We'd want to be settin' our pratics soon, if that's the way wid much of them."

"The spring-tides are this week; I'll get a couple of the neighbours to help in gatherin' weed; I hear Mr. Kingston says the salt is grand against the blight."

"I'm in dhread there's worse times comin' than people think," said the old woman. "They're all goin' on as if the blight couldn't ever come again. An' to my thinkin', all the blood, that's been shed

in the counthry these years back, 'll bring down the punishment on us."

The daughter rocked herself to and fro, without reply. "It's a hard case to have John goin' on as he does," she said at last. "It's enough to break my heart." And the poor wife burst into sobs. "He has somethin' dreadful on his mind—if you heard his talk in his sleep—I know they're goin' to murder the mather at Golden Hills."

"What words does he say in his sleep, as ye mentioned?" said the old woman, ceasing her monotonous motion of the cradle, and her eyes almost glowing in the gathering dusk.

"Enough to show me what he's after," said the daughter, drying her eyes with the corner of her apron, and rising to throw cold water on the boiling potatoes.

"Mary," said her mother, after a pause, "whatever we do, John must be kept out of havin' hand in such wickedness as that. Watch him, wakin' and sleepin', as well as you can, an' it's hard if we don't find some way of hinderin' him. Whisht, here he's in, himself."

"Well, Shane," said his wife, using the Irish equivalent for his name, "how was the fishin' this night?"

He cast down a bundle of nets. "Bad enough, of coorse: nothin' goes right wid us: only a couple of rock-fish taken." He sat down in front of the fire, with his brimless hat on. The women communicated with each other by a glance. The younger lifted the pot of potatoes as if it were a bauble for weight, drained away the boiling water, and replaced them on the hearth to steam. A shadow darkened the doorway.

"Why, then, Sally, is that yerself? come in an' welcome," were the hospitable words spoken. "We're just goin' to the supper, an' there's no one in all the barony we'd sooner sit down with us than the very woman I'm spakin' to."

"Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Carmody." But she looked doubtfully at the man's figure before the fire. "Never mind *him*," said the wife, "he's only dark in himself, because the fishing was bad. Now, Sally, did ye bring me the charm ye promised, for the weenock to wear agin the fairies?"

The children dropped in from their various play-places; and presently the potatoes were poured out upon the bare table, without the intervention of cloth or dish. Using neither knives nor forks, the family sat round and ate—for the most part in silence. There can be no conversation among people wholly uneducated; and even when a naturally strong and observant mind proves this rule by being the rare exception, his interlocutor must have some intellectual qualities himself, to draw forth the latent power of mind into language. These people had lived much the same life from year to year, and expected so to live till old age: the monotony of past and present left few subjects that could be talked upon. Incident was seldom, beyond the commonest. Christmas, Easter, John's Day in Midsummer, and Lady-day in harvest, were the four landmarks of the year; and their seasons were the potato-planting in May, herring-shoals in July, potato-digging in October, and the two great an-



nual fairs at Castlebay, where the pig was bought and sold.

Such had been the routine repeated, of the old woman's life. These later years were troublous, and disastrous events had broken that placid order.

Each person crossed himself as he had done eating. The children were all bundled into bed, after a washing from the mother; during which, Sally was quite happy, dandling the youngest on her lap, and singing for it wild Irish ditties.

"I want you to get me some of thim herbs that grows out on the hills, that's good for a cough an' a smoderin' about the heart. I do have it very bad sometimes," said the old woman.

"They must be gathered under the bonny Lady Moon," said Sally, portentously. "The dewdrops must be on 'em."

"That'll be aisry for you to do, that's always out of nights. Of coorse you sees many a thing nobody else ever see?"

"Maybe I do, an' maybe I don't," said Sally, looking cunning. "Mostly I runs away when any of them chaps wid the black faces comes across me. I'm afeard of the guns."

Carmodity had gone away before this, and was smoking outside the house.

"The times is awful," said the old woman. "Nobody's sure of their life, wid them Ribandmen goin' about."

Sally said nothing, but clapped her hands for the baby.

"Poor Miss Liney!" ejaculated the other.

"What for is she poor?" said Sally, looking up quickly. "She's the best lady in all Munster, so she is."

"An' why shouldn't I say she's poor, whin they have her father doomed?"

"Ay!" Sally stood upright, every faculty tensed at once; "I'll follow the Blackboys night an' day, an' warn *him*, if I had to die for it!"

She laid down the child on the floor, and was going out of the cabin. "Whisht, ashore," said the old woman, laying hands on her. "Be saret an' silent in yerself, or 'tis only harm we'll bring him to. He did a kindness by me an' mine that I'll never forget, if I lived a hundher year; an' he'll get a life for the life he gave, b'lieve me! You'll be watchin' about the hills, an' I'll be watchin' here, an' betune the two of us, we might come to the knowledge o' somethin'. I vowed I'd take care of him, an' so I will, whatever I do."

Sally listened with bent brows, and signified her comprehension.

"The herbs I spoke of, grows plenty on the west of Slieve-na-mon," said the elder woman, as her daughter-in-law entered from the other room.

"For thou to northern lands again,  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;  
And thou hast join'd the gentle train,  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring."

Yes, Spring comes in March, the "merry month of Spring," and the earth unlocks her treasury at his approach, and strews his way with buds and blossoms, with flowers and song, not unmingled with storms and blustering winds, and the black scowling looks of retreating winter, who makes rather boisterous music on going into banishment.

The farmer has plenty of work before him in this sturdy and reviving month, and is always well pleased that it should make its advent with bright weather and fresh drying breezes, to lick up the superabundant moisture of February. It is an anxious and busy time with Dobbs's old shepherd just now. The lambing season, which began last month, is now at its height, and of the hundreds of ewes on the farm, who were in an interesting condition when that flood came, nearly half, with some few mishaps, have got over their time of trouble; while the remainder are following their example at the rate of a score or two a day. A round number of Dobbs's ewes drop twins, according to their usual custom; and, with the usual caprice which characterizes maternal muttons, a moiety of them refuse to suckle more than one, kicking off the other as an interloper. Old David has to manage for these outcast orphans as best he can, and he does it by substituting them in the place of such lambs as have died, and left their dams childless. This is not so simple a business, however, as one might imagine. You cannot make a foster-mother of a ewe, either by bribery or persuasion, and no amount of wages would do it. Present her with a strange lamb to suckle, and though she has lost her own, and her milk is a torture to her, she is more likely to kick the little orphan to death than to suckle it, unless you cheat her into the exercise of a mother's offices. Old David is quite up to that, and he does what he has done a hundred times before: he deludes the bereaved muttons, for their own benefit and his master's, by stripping the skins from the dead lambs, and stitching them as extrasurtouts on the living ones. This settles the business "to the satisfaction of all parties;" the silly mother does not see the deception, and suckles the strange bairn as if it were her own. Not to alarm her, however, with the odd figure which a lamb so swaddled assumes, the orphan is introduced to her after nightfall, and almost invariably is received with affection, and permanently adopted and reared by the cheated dam. For a time the young lamb profits by his disguise.

"His predecessor's skin he wears,  
Till, cheated into tenderness and cares,  
The unsuspecting dam, contented grown,  
Cherish and guard the fondling as her own."

During all this lambing season, David wears a very serious face, is authoritative, oracular, and decisive with his wife, and his and her subordinates, and lays down the law for any fresh case in a few curt phrases, which it would not be at all to their advantage to ignore or disobey. Fact is, the old shepherd feels his responsibility; he knows that Dobbs, in spite of all casualties, will expect from

## THE MONTHS IN THE COUNTRY.

### MARCH.

"The stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies:  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies.

"Ah! passing few are those who speak,  
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee!  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Then art a welcome month to me.

him a lamb for every ewe, and he doesn't intend that so generous a master shall be disappointed. So he is here, there, and everywhere among the flock, active and vigilant by night and by day in performing the functions of Juno Lucina in behalf of the sufferers. The weather is cold at night, and sharp biting frosts come careering along with the airs of dawn, and in consequence, a good many of the lambs come into the world in a semi-animate condition, and you would think, to look at them, that their course was ended almost before it was begun. David knows what to do with such cases: he turns them over to his wife, who is skilful in coddling the little helpless creatures, and who, by wrapping them in warm wool by her cottage fire, and drenching them occasionally with warm milk, will gradually get them into good sucking condition before they are many days old. And so, by the united cares of all concerned, it comes to pass that when the lambing season is fairly over, farmer Dobbs has got a lamb for each ewe, counting heads, and perhaps one or two in addition. Not that the shepherd's anxieties are over then; for when the ewes and their young are turned to feed in the pastures, there are a good many hungry eyes turned on the frisking lambs. The kite, hovering above, will watch his opportunity of snatching a tender meal; the hungry raven or crow will not scruple to help himself; the gaunt fox keeps a keen lookout, and will make off with a straying unless a sharp watch be kept; and in addition to these, there is that independent vagabond, "nobody's dog," who likes a meal of lamb, and will snatch it surreptitiously if he can.

But if the shepherd is busy in March, nobody else is idle. As you wander through the lanes and field-paths, you are aware on all sides of the sights and sounds, and scents also, of general occupation. You see in the distance the teams crawling along the brown slopes; you hear close at hand the tinkle of the horse-gear, the cheery voice of the driver, the sharp crack of his whip, and the merry voices of laughing man and boy as the ploughshare cuts its way through the yielding glebe; and you smell the aromatic odour of the generous soil, as it is turned over to the sun and wind. Anon you may come upon the sower, who is silently casting the grain in the bosom of the earth; and then there is Jack Hedger, plashing and trimming the hedges, and exchanging salutations the while, with a comrade mounted on yonder haystack, and chopping and plunging away with what looks like a Brobdingnag cheese-cutter, to excavate a load or two of sweet hay for the stable.

Up that winding path, and through that field of turnips, all eaten down to the tap-roots by the sheep, is the way to the wood, where you may hear the ringing stroke of the woodman's axe resounding far and wide, before you catch sight of him. There he is with his compeers, felling the monarchs of the forest, which are destined to form materials for the wooden walls of old England. There they lie, those prostrate dignities, prone on the tufty ground, and verily a congregation of spoilers have gathered around them. The woodmen are accompanied by a band of barkers—boys, lads, old men, women,

girls and children—who are as busy as vultures on a carcase in the wilderness, and literally flaying the slaughtered oaks, and leaving them without an inch of skin on their venerable limbs. Short work they make of it, and do not stand much upon ceremony; the bark, as it is torn away, is neatly stacked in piles, and in a short space of time will find its way to the tan-yard. There is a delightful odour attending the process, the inhaling of which, it is said, is apt to produce a prodigious appetite for dinner. The forest at this crisis wears a truly picturesque aspect, in spite of the absence of foliage; the mysteries of ramification are now patent to view, and you note that every variety of tree has its peculiar mode of stretching its branches, outward, upward, and downward. The lichens on the trunks and boughs of most of them are of the hue of gosling grey, contrasting effectively with the fresh verdurous tints of the springing grass, and relieved by the concentrated shadows of the underwood, verging almost to blackness, which form their background. Along the highest tops of the trees, with the exception of the old oaks, a rich purple tinge is gathering, which is only appreciable at a distance, and disappears almost entirely as you advance beneath it. This glowing effect of colour is due to the myriads of incipient buds, which always are the first to appear at the extremities of the topmost twigs, and whose little viscous sheaths, of a purplish brown tint when seen at a distance, blend together in a single dense hue.

Above you group of elms, the rooks are cawing in a dreamy sort of way; now wheeling in a circular flight about their nests, to which they appear to be putting the finishing touches; now darting off in swift flight on some sudden impulse, and now as suddenly returning with some sort of intelligence, communicated by pronouncing a "caw" in three syllables, as only a rook can do it. For so large a number of nests, there seem at this moment to be very few birds: the reason is, that most of them are out foraging for food. During the building time they have fed rather scantily, just taking what fell in their way while they hurried on with their work: now they are making up for it: if you look down in the valley to the right, where Ned Carter is ploughing, you will see a hundred and fifty of them at least following the share, and pecking away as fast as their heads can wag up and down at the worms, grubs, and snails turned up by the iron. They don't care a straw for Ned or his boy, whom they seem to consider, and probably do consider, as working for their special convenience; they hop about under the horses' legs, they wait the opening of the furrow, keeping pace with the blade as it parts the soil, and plunging their beaks into the chasm as fast as it is made, gobble up their victims by thousands. In this way they decimate the slugs and vermin of the fields to a most extraordinary extent, and thus repay to the farmer the loss they occasion him by the abstraction of seed from the ground, when they take it into their wise heads to prefer a farinaceous diet.

Leaving the wood to the left, and turning into the copse, we find work of another kind going on. Here a couple of active fellows are cutting the tall

hazels down to their stumps, and binding them in faggots for the farmer's pile. They are attended by another functionary, a sturdy, stolid-faced, silent man of fifty, leathern-bosomed and velvet-jacketed, with a close skull-cap on his head, who, with a good pile of the tallest wands before him, is busy in a sheltered corner under the brow of the hill, at the craft of hurdle-making. This is no lady's work, nor is it exactly a "light, genteel business" either: axe and bill-hook, knife and auger are in constant play; but sturdy strength of muscle and limb are the main requisites for this modification of basket-making, where, not the twigs of the pliant willow, but wands of the stout hazel, have to be woven into solid fence-work for the fold or the field. Spite of his leathern mittens, the good man's fingers are sadly battered by his trade; but it is surprising to note with what apparent ease he bends the stubborn staves to his will, and secures them in the position they are henceforth to occupy.

But what pother is that in the wood? Crash, thump, thud, creak, bang, comes the heavy timber-wain, lumbering along at the heels of two stout horses, and laden with the trunks of three monster elms on their way to the saw-pit. It is no trifling matter to get them down the hill, through ruts half a yard deep in the soil; but both man and beasts know what they are about, and with clang of whip and cheering shouts, by use of drag and double drag, lash, lever, and wheel-scotcher, the horses now tugging with desperate energy, now squaring and backing with all their muscular might, down thunders the wain like a travelling earthquake, crunching the stones and rending the dry underwood as it goes, now settling in a swamp, now dashing down a declivity, till it lands safely on the road at the bottom, where you may see it half veiled in a cloud of its own steam, and preparing for a fresh start—Jock Driver laughing at the top of his voice, while his comrade unlocks the wheels, and talks for a brief breathing space to the reeking steeds.

From this brow of the hill we catch a glorious inland view. To the left, in the middle distance, stands Tanglely Hall, the Squire's mansion, a famous old edifice built in the Elizabethan style, but planned upon a fashion of an earlier date; hence it is only half visible at the end of a long avenue of immemorial trees, which in summer time would screen it entirely from our sight. The grey stone walls have a rather old-world look, and the two gabled wings projecting on either side give it somewhat the semblance of an old college. It looks rather lonesome just now, for the Squire is up in London, where he, good man, will be found in Committee Room No. 10, in the mornings, taking evidence on enclosure bills, and in the evenings dozing on the opposition bench, under the influence of some interminable speech, while his family perhaps are working just as hard in running the round of fashionable excitements, according to the routine established and provided in the code of the landholders for the possessors of five thousand a year. Yonder, where a brown square tower, half hidden by the rising ground, rears its ivied battlements, lies the village of Tanglely, where the only house of

note is the parsonage at the rear of the little churchyard, and which is inhabited chiefly by the labourers on the surrounding farms, and the small traders and hucksters who supply their daily wants. Away in the distance, on either hand, lies a diversified picture of farms and homesteads, cottages and mansions, fields and forests, with the winding stream of the river reflecting the clear blue sky, and losing itself in the far-off haze, where the landscape terminates in a shadowy ridge of mountain forms.

The sun has risen high during our morning's walk, and now, though the cold March wind blows bleak and keen in our face, his hot beams strike like summer heats on one's back, and we feel as in the presence of two seasons at once. The genial sunshine works wonders among the animated tribes, of which the birds especially afford us evidence. You now hear the song of the skylark for the first time since last year; the robin leaves off his piteous begging ditty, and begins serenading to a lively tune, in preparation for matrimony; the sparrows prune their shaggy coats into spruceness, with the same end in view; the ring-dove is cooing to his mate; the thrush, after some tentative preludes, bursts into song; and you hear at times the long signal whistle of the blackbird, as he turns a flying somersault over the hedge and vanishes from view. As the home birds are thinking of pairing, the winter visitors begin to move off. The woodcocks take their leave; the fieldfares assemble in flocks, and soon follow; about the same time the reed-bunting, the storm-curlew, and the wheatear come back to us. The small birds, whom the severities and exigencies of winter compelled to flock together, now dissolve their political unions, and recommence agitating on their own account; and the domestic hens and pigeons begin to sit, and the ducks, geese, and turkeys to lay. Upon the insect races the effect of the early spring is no less striking. Now it is that the first butterfly makes his appearance—that brimstone-coloured gentleman, with the dusty wings, who always leads off the dance in the butterfly ball; the March moth, and various other moths, keep him company; and now also the bees swarm forth from their hives and winter hiding-places, in search of flowers.

The bees would not come out if there were no flowers to rifle of their sweets; and accordingly we find, towards the end of the month, in tolerable plenty, the

"Pale primrose starting up between

Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strow  
The every lawn, the wood, and shining through,  
'Mid creeping moss, and ivy's darker green."

Pale enough is the early primrose, and is apt to be discovered with its fair round face all bedabbled with tears, as if weeping at the rough usage it receives at the hands of this blustering month. Then there is the March violet, the violet, be it noted, of the year, as this alone boasts a sweet odour, all the varieties which bloom later being comparatively scentless: there is the daffodil, the wood anemone, the coltsfoot, the star of Bethlehem, and the blackthorn; besides which there are the blossoms of many forest trees, from all of which the bee can fill his honey-bag. The above are but a

part of the wild flora to be found in the fields and woods, and a considerable addition will have to be made if we take into account all that appear in the garden, among which are hyacinths, anemones, double violets, and pansies of various kinds.

It would seem to be the office of March, not only to dry up with his strong thirsty winds the moisture of the winter, but to wake the slumbering forces of vegetation, to detach the dead branches from the living trees and plants, and to incite the process of growth in all things by his vivifying breath. March, however, is not always liberal of drying winds, and of that precious dust which, according to the proverb, is fit to ransom a king. Sometimes the wind is not dry, but wet, in which case vegetation will proceed too fast, the leaves will sprout and the fruit trees will blossom too soon and too abundantly, and then comes a frost in April or May, which nips all in the birth, and condemns our gardens and orchards to barrenness. Sometimes, again, the wind of March will shift suddenly to the east, and blow from that quarter for weeks together, in which case you may note, if you think it worth the trouble, that the bees will shut themselves once more in their hives, and not venture forth till the spring gales are blowing again; that master froggy, who has been hopping about among the primroses in the ditch bank, will creep again into his hibernating quarters; that the bat, who was active enough before, again hangs himself up in his cave; and that certain small beetles and snails, who had begun to animate the garden paths and walls, return once more to their clefts and snuggeries to await a more temperate season.

The cottager who has a garden finds plenty to do in it in the month of March. All the hardy vegetables, that form part of his diet, want looking after now; and he digs up his bit of ground, planning how he can make the most of it. He sows lettuce, carrot, and radish seeds, and prepares the ground for his potatoes. This also is the season for grafting, which is often the cottager's only mode of obtaining fruit trees, and which, in some parts of the country, is practised with remarkable success among the labouring poor. Every labourer should have a garden, and it should be of sufficient area to grow not only the vegetables necessary for the consumption of his family, but to afford space for the cultivation of flowers, and to raise so much fruit, at least, as would save him from any outlay in the purchase of it. The employers of labour would find their account in making such allotments, the care of which would not only tend to humanize the tenants and keep them out of the way of temptation, but would often enable them, by the exercise of their talents and industry, to make some provision against the day of adversity.

Towards the end of March comes the vernal equinox, and with the equinox the equinoctial gales. The wind blusters rudely at those times, and often comes with icy coldness as well as tremendous force: in which case Dobbs, or rather Dobbs's shepherd, Old David, will fold the ewes and their lambs under shelter in the lee of the copse on the hill-side, until the force of the gale has blown over. When March goes out, we expect to bid a final farewell to winter,

and, with twelve hours and more of fair day-light, with twilight at both ends of it, feel ourselves landed at length in the kindly Spring, which puts

"A spirit of youth in everything."

#### THE TEMPTATION OF ANDREW MARVEL.

THE accompanying engraving, from an interesting painting by Landseer, in the South Kensington Museum, graphically describes to the eye that incident in the life of Andrew Marvel with which most of our readers are as familiar as with the anecdote of Alfred the Great and his over-toasted cakes, or any other of the leading traditions of English history.

The story, as told by Cibber in his "Life of Marvel," runs (in an abridged form) somewhat as follows:—

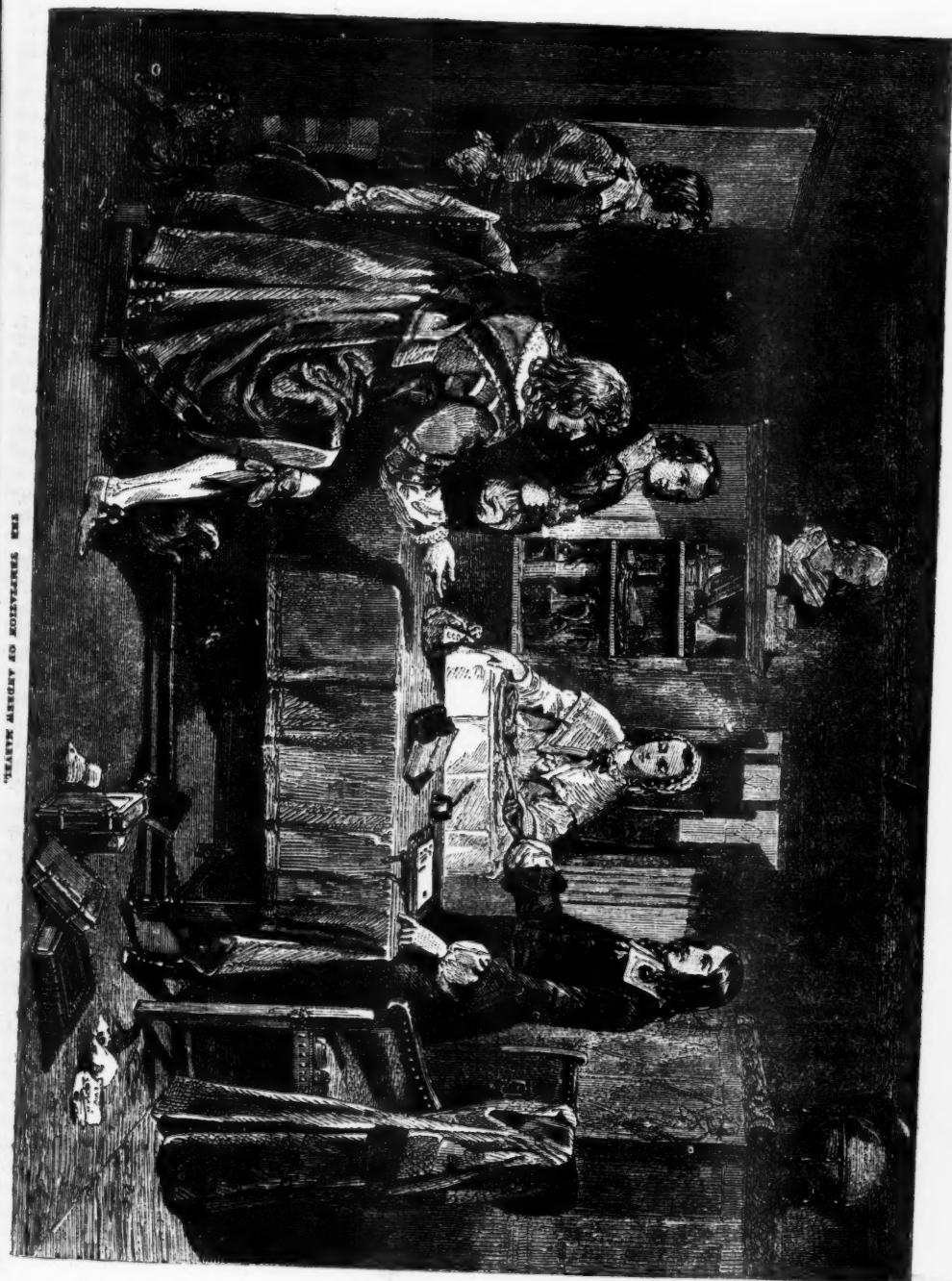
"One night Mr. Marvel (who was then member for Hull) was entertained by the king, Charles II, who had often been delighted by his company. His Majesty next day sent the Lord Treasurer Danby, to find out his lodging. Mr. Marvel then rented a room up two pair of stairs in a little court in the Strand, and was writing when the Lord Treasurer opened the door abruptly upon him. Surprised at the sight of so unexpected a visitor, Mr. Marvel told his lordship that he believed he had mistaken his way. The Lord Danby replied that he had not; telling him that he came with a message from his Majesty, to know what he could do to serve him, and whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with. These offers, though urged with the greatest earnestness, had no effect upon Mr. Marvel. He told the Lord Treasurer that he could not accept them with honour; for he must either be ungrateful to the king, by voting against him, or betray his country, by giving his voice against what he reckoned its interest.

"The Lord Danby, finding no arguments would prevail, told him the king had ordered a thousand pounds for him, which he hoped he would accept, till he could think what further to ask of his Majesty. This last temptation was resisted with the same steadfastness of mind as the first. As soon as the Lord Treasurer was gone, Mr. Marvel had to send to a friend to borrow a guinea, and sit down to a scrap of cold mutton for dinner."

Whereupon, there goes up a shout of exultation from every honest Englishman—a shout that still rings in our own day, and will go down ringing louder and louder, so long as there survives a heart to appreciate manly patriotism and uncorrupted faith. Would that some painter could have given us, as a contrast to Marvel's temptation, a portrait of Charles' black visage as it appeared when Danby carried back the yellow dross, and told his Majesty that there was one man, at least, in his dominions, who preferred principle to pelf.

We must refer our readers to any ordinary dictionary or biography for the details of Marvel's life. It is sufficient to record here that he, once the secretary of Milton, has himself bequeathed to the world some poetical compositions of no mean





THE RECEPTION OF ARTHUR KAYNE.

order. There is, in particular, one short poem which seems naturally to fit in with the incident just related, and to indicate the school in which Marvel had learned to gain his strength for conflict. It is styled "A Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure;" a chorus, after the fashion of the Greek stage, being present, and ringing a note of triumph whenever some more than ordinary enticing allurements is resisted. We subjoin a few stanzas of it.

"THE SOUL SOLILOQUIZING.

"Courage, my soul! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield;  
Close on thy head thy helmet bright,  
Balance thy sword against the fight.  
See, where an army strong as air,  
With silken banners spreads the air;  
If thou be'st a thing divine,  
In this combat let it shine,  
And show that nature wants an art  
To conquer one resolved heart."

Pleasure (of course, sinful pleasure is meant) then approaches, and commences with her allurements. After courting, by the offer of a variety of sensuous enjoyments, which are successively resisted, she thus renews the attack:—

"All that's costly, fair, and sweet,  
Which scatteringly doth shine,  
Shall within one beauty meet,  
And she be wholly thine.

"SOUL.

"If things of sight such heavens be,  
What heavens are those we cannot see?

"PLEASURE.

"Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go,  
The minted gold shall lye;  
Till thou purchase all below,  
And want new worlds to buy.  
Wilt thou all the glory have,  
That war or peace commend?  
Half the world shall be thy slave,  
The other half thy friend.

"SOUL.

"What friends, if to myself untrue;  
What slaves, unless I captive you?

"CHORUS.

"Triumph! triumph! victorious soul,  
The world has not one pleasure more;  
The rest doth lye beyond the pole,  
And is thine everlasting store."

These noble lines, which, from their length and antiquated dress, we have had to present in a condensed form, carry with them their own eulogium. The most earnest and devout reader may learn a lesson from them, and be stirred up, as by a trumpet blast, to buckle on his armour for the conflict between good and evil that rages on the great battle-field of life.

### SUBALPINE RAILWAYS.

WHILE so much is heard about Piedmont and France, it may be interesting to call attention to a great work of engineering skill and art, which is likely to have a more lasting influence than any political event on the relations of the two countries.

That George Stephenson was right, when he said that "tunnels were a nuisance, and ought by all means to be avoided if possible," is a truth known to many a disappointed shareholder. The odd

millions needlessly and injuriously sunk in these odious perforations, here in England, are a sad reminiscence to too many amongst us. There are, however, in the development of the great railway system, situations in which tunnelling becomes an obvious necessity; and this is clearly the case when great mountain ranges cross the line of route, and pre-eminently so in respect of that great Alpine chain which separates Italy from the rest of the continent of Europe. Much interest has been felt through all classes of our travelling population, in the great question of sub-alpine tunnelling; and as the operations are now so far advanced that some reports of real progress have reached this country, a brief notice of the matter may be acceptable to our readers.

In common with others not in the secret, we had ourselves formed vague, and, as it seems, erroneous ideas of the nature of the machinery which, it was stated, was to be employed in perforating the base of the Alpine barrier dividing Piedmont from France. It was represented as being a sort of locomotive, to be worked by steam, and which should be armed at one extremity with a vast number of heavy automatic, or rather, steam-driven pickaxes, or "jumpers," which, by their constant action on the rock, would triturate it away at a tremendous rate. This was our own impression, and we do not feel quite convinced, even as we write, that something useful might not have been got out of this rude conception. Others thought that the machine would be one gigantic "auger," or "centre-bit," to be propelled by steam power on its way, and that it would drill the hole under the mountain, just as a mason or stone-cutter drills a hole through a slate or stone.

It appears, from the report sent to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by M. Manebrea, a member of the Piedmontese Parliament, that the real operation of the machine is confined to the boring of holes, for blasting in the ordinary way; and that the advantages of this system over the older ones consist simply in the possibility of boring a great number of holes at one time, with, of course, the superior speed and efficiency obtained by mechanical, as compared with animal power. The holes once made, the rock is blasted, and the rubbish removed in the usual manner.

This, divested of needless technicalities, is, by M. Manebrea's account, all that has been done by the adoption of machinery in this grand undertaking. By keeping this in view, and imagining the operations to be carried on simultaneously at each end of the proposed tunnel, it will be understood that the chief object gained is the abbreviation of the time required for the completion of the work. This, under the old method of mining, would have extended to a period of thirty-six years—rather a disheartening "look-out" for some of the present generation; but now it is hoped that the sub-alpine tunnel, opening the glorious land of Italy to northern Europe as it has never been opened before, will be completed in the short space of six years.

The actual length of subterranean road between Modane and Barnodeche, will be about nine English miles, while that which is spoken of as intended to open the communication between Italy and

South Germany will, it is said, be sixteen miles long. It will readily be understood by the general reader, that the usual mode of expediting such works as these, by sinking shafts from above at different points, so as to allow of several gangs of miners being employed simultaneously, is in this case inapplicable, as many thousand feet of granite and other rock stand perpendicularly over the line of the tunnel. The expeditious mode which we have described is all the more valuable on this account.

Some very interesting particulars remain to be noticed; the first of which is the nature of the power employed. We remember seeing, a year or two since, in one of the Turin journals, a suggestion by a Piedmontese engineer as to the possibility of making the water-power, which nature so abundantly provides in the Alpine regions, perform all the work which in flat countries is necessarily thrown upon the steam-horse. Thus, it was stated that water might be employed to haul up trains upon steep inclines to about half the height attained by the present carriage roads, and to propel them through the tunnels, which, entering the mountains at that elevation, would of course be very much less costly and slow of execution. A very ingenious application of water has certainly been adopted in the case now before us, with complete success, as a substitute for steam-power. The water is not, however, the direct agent; it is employed only to act as an *air-condenser*, and the air thus condensed becomes a vastly more manageable, and not less effective power, than the water itself would have been. To effect this, a simple yet effectual plan is adopted, which we shall attempt to describe.

Most readers will know what is meant by a *syphon*, it being nothing more than a tube bent into somewhat the form of the letter U. The syphon, when in use, has its ends turned downwards; but in this case the bent tube, of proportionate dimensions, has them turned up. Into one end of this tube, the water from above is let fall, of course forcibly driving the air before it up into the other branch, and, its escape being prevented, condensing it. A reservoir is connected with this end, which the condensed air is allowed to enter by a valve, and this is ultimately charged with air at "six atmospheres" of pressure, constituting a power fully as effective as any steam-boiler or water-wheel could supply.

Any one who has seen an air-gun in use can have no difficulty in conceiving that condensed air is the moving power of the machinery connected with subalpine tunnelling. The same agency might be employed in many instances in which steam is now considered indispensable. In many parts of our own country, a water-power capable of condensing air for charging locomotives to any possible required extent might easily be found; while it is well worth considering how far the stationary engine might in this way be substituted for the fiery locomotive. Should this idea ever be reduced to practice, it will be satisfactory to think that at least one danger of the iron road—that from fire—is done away with; while the nuisances of smoke and gas

would cease to act as drawbacks to the railway traveller's comfort and enjoyment.

Another very curious and interesting phenomenon has been developed—for it is not now for the first time brought to light—in connection with the uses of compressed air, namely, its congealing or refrigerating power. It would seem that, as soon as a stream of air, issuing from a reservoir, where it has been held at a pressure of six atmospheres, passes into the mine, all water in its neighbourhood suddenly congeals, or freezes, even although the surrounding temperature be as high as 72° Fahrenheit. It is observed upon this point, that as the great distance from the surface will render the interior of the subalpine tunnel very warm, the injection of cold air for ventilating purposes (which, we should have mentioned before, forms an essential part of the plan adopted by the Piedmontese engineers) will have the happy effect of equalizing the temperature, as well as supplying fresh air for respiration and all other requirements.

Granting that air escaping from a given pressure of six atmospheres will freeze water when brought into contact with it, and that it will do this in any climate, and under all possible circumstances, it follows that a method of supplying so essential a necessary of life and preserver of health in warm climates, and so acceptable an addition to comfort even in our northern latitudes, must sooner or later attract the attention of scientific men and of the public at large. In the "Mechanics' Magazine" for 1851, there was an account of a machine, invented by Dr. Gorrie, of New Orleans, by means of which water is frozen in large quantities by exposure to condensed air, in the act of its subsequent expansion. It is worked by either hand or steam power. We remember hearing, some years ago, of something like this naturally occurring in a German mine, where a rush of water and air taking place simultaneously, from under great pressure, into the atmosphere, the water was frozen and fell about in small balls of ice.

As to ventilation, a great deal has been written upon the presumed impossibility of ventilating a tunnel passing under the Alps; and calculations have been made in the most elaborate way, of the cubic measurement of air destroyed by every locomotive which enters the tube. It is singular that any engineer should have been so ignorant of the power of Wilkinson's "iron bellows," or "steam blower," now so generally used in blast furnaces of every sort, as to doubt the possibility of throwing by its means a stream of air into the very heart of the tunnel. Whatever other objections may be urged against these colossal works of human skill and daring, there can be no doubt that they are capable of being supplied most abundantly and cheaply with the "vital fluid" for any number of passengers, and any possible waste of air by the engines.

Such are some of the reflections naturally suggested by a perusal of the report alluded to, and which is, we believe, the first reliable information as to what is actually doing in reference to the great undertaking of sub-alpine tunnels, necessary as they are to the completion of the European system of iron

roads, from which so much is expected in the promotion of harmony and goodwill between man and man, and between nation and nation. Mere knowledge will not do all that we require; but free intercommunication will doubtless do much, by tending to the removal of that barrier to all improvement—ignorance.

### PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN TRADE.

THE following judicious and practical hints are taken from a Lecture delivered at Crosby Hall, London, by Mr. Alderman Mechi, and appended to his recently published volume on Agriculture.\*

**VALUE OF CONFIDENCE.**—There is no tie so strong in worldly matters as self-interest; therefore, if you act with integrity to your customers, if you have the ability to obtain and place before them the article they require, with the necessary accompaniments of civility, attention, and good feeling, you win their confidence and connection. I have always found it advantageous to treat my customers with the utmost latitude of liberality in regard to their exchanging, or even by returning the money for any article not approved. In fact, I say to them, "Do here as you would in your own house; please yourself if you can." Thus liberality begets liberality. I have seldom found it abused—except occasionally by a churl who is neither satisfied with himself nor anybody else. A rigid and prompt attention to jobs, or small matters, is very essential, and too often neglected; and yet customers are as often offended by these neglects as by more important ones. Confidence is a plant of slow and careful growth; but when you have the confidence of the public, again remember it may be lost. If, in full reliance on this confidence, you relax in those sound principles which obtained it, you must expect a retributive reaction. Your old friends, your customers, will complain, and perhaps hope and believe the first offence arises from accident; but they will never forgive you for a second abandonment of just principles.

**STOCK.**—The accumulation of old stock ruins many a tradesman. His taste and judgment are inferior to those of his customers; they reject the untempting, though oft-tendered, and consequently old-fashioned or deteriorated article. A great evil attends this. The buyer is disappointed: he purchases from a more able and successful contemporary who, probably, secures his custom in perpetuity. Remember to watch a hanging article; it may be much approved, but appear too dear in the public view. If you are assured of this, reduce the price at once either to or below cost price, and avoid the pattern for the future. Every wise man will take stock of his goods at least once a year; he will value them, if well bought and in good saleable order, at cost price; but if old or unsaleable stock, the value at which they could be then bought should be then taken to exhibit the real state of his affairs. Young beginners are apt, naturally enough, to be too sanguine and hopeful;

but remember (until you have ascertained your average weekly or monthly sale) to err on the safe side by ordering too little rather than too much: you can always add to them when necessary. But suppose you are satisfied about the amount you should order, the next and equally important consideration is the classification of your stock. The public are very good judges of what suits them, and generally leave you an abundance of what they don't want. It may be either in quality or price. A wise tradesman will endeavour to allot his capital in fixed amounts to the various branches of his trade, with a view to his own convenience and the wants and wishes of his customers; and this is no easy affair in an extensive trade, particularly where there are frequent changes of fashion. Take especial care never to be short of the running or everyday article.

**ATTRACTION BY DISPLAY.**—Experience has taught me that, with all articles of luxury or taste, it is good policy to devote a considerable portion of your capital to plate-glass and elegant cases. I have therefore, as far as possible, discarded drawers and boxes, and substituted the visible for the invisible. Thus, whilst you are busily engaged, your customer's eye may be attracted by some object which presents itself to view, whereas, if immured in a drawer, no such pleasing result could take place.

**CLEANLINESS.**—Above all things, in our dirty city, is cleanliness. It will pay you, in a fancy business, to wash down your front once a month, and re-paint the whole outside once a year, which is my practice. Of course the outside, so far as it can be reached, must be washed down every morning—the windows cleaned every day. Some of our drapers' shops are good examples in this way. It need hardly be said that the personal appearance of the shopkeeper and his shopmen should harmonize with the other arrangements.

**FINANCE.**—Beware of over-trading; it has ruined thousands, from the humble shopkeeper to the greatest merchant. However large your capital, if you over-trade you are lost; for, either by overstocking, or by giving undue and unlimited credit, embarrassment must overtake you. Credit is capital, if properly used. In all trades, particularly if extensive, take stock annually at least, with an account of all you owe, and all owing to you, keeping a separate account of your personal or private expenditure; and bear in mind that, without being miserly, it is consistent with comfort and independence to spend rather less than you get. Whilst it is your duty to be punctual in your own payments, it is equally sound policy to collect at regular and stated periods the debts owing to you. Accounts do not improve by keeping, and no honest man will object to pay when called upon, when in his power. Remember that this is a world of vicissitudes and changes, and that a good debt now, may, by force of circumstances, be worthless three months hence.

**FIRE ASSURANCE.**—I should hardly venture to allude to the propriety of insuring against fire, but that the statistics of fire-offices show too plainly that a vast proportion of property in this kingdom is

\* How to Farm Profitably; or, the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Alderman Mechi. Routledge & Co. 1859.



uninsured. Not to insure is neither honest to yourself nor to your creditors.

**COLLECTION OF ACCOUNTS.**—There is nothing which causes greater loss to a tradesman than an arrearage of book-keeping, and a neglect of regularly collecting accounts. Cost what it may, make it, therefore, an inflexible rule to have your books posted up daily, and your quarterly or other accounts sent out at the exact period. Then comes the difficulty of collection. You may have to call twenty times or more ere you meet with your debtor; so, do not depend on the casual use of one of your shopmen, but devote a specific time and person to the collection, even if you pay a commission. It may be a good policy to do so, taking care to employ an honest, regular man. Having collected your accounts, take care to enter them as paid. Nothing gives more offence to a customer than an application for a paid account. If you have doubtful or bad debts, transfer them to a separate book, and don't estimate them in your assets.

**ORDER.**—"Order is Nature's first law," disorder an infringement of it. A place for everything, and everything in its place, tends greatly to the economy of time, which is, in fact, money. Unless you have a fixed and permanent place, properly numbered for each class of articles, you will be frequently ordering that which you really don't require, and of course occasionally lose the sale of what you have misplaced.

**ADVERTISING.**—In my opinion, advertising is a legitimate means of making known the wants and wishes of both buyers and sellers. It is merely making an extension of your shop-front in the newspapers; whether the article be seen there or in the window, in both cases its qualities remain to be tested. It never can answer to advertise a bad article. By advertising a good one, you extend your connection, which might otherwise be limited by the number and class of people who happened to pass your door, and their connections.

**ASSISTANTS AND SERVANTS.**—The choice of your servants or dependents is a matter of serious consequence to your welfare. Conduct, character, and capability are essentials; but it will require an observant discrimination to detect and apply their leading or excelling characteristics. You will select method and regularity in your bookkeeper; decision, observance, and discretion in your buyer; a bland urbanity, with persuasion, in your seller. Whilst you exact from the members of your establishment a rigid observance of order, propriety, and decorum, treat them with that kindness and esteem which their good conduct so justly merits, encourage a feeling of manly self-dependence, and promote their comforts and amusements. In former times, when there were few or no literary institutions, the members of my establishment contributed to a book-fund—founded, of course, on some donations from myself. A reciprocal good feeling cannot be too much encouraged. An occasional contribution to a festive and rational meeting forms a happy relief to the cares and anxieties of their daily occupation. The very term recreation is expressive of the wear and exhaustion caused by incessant application. With this impres-

sion strong on my mind, I have never had any doubts about the benefits of early closing, or an occasional half-holiday.

In conclusion, if the Almighty has blessed you with talents and with success, remember that those precious gifts entail upon you the moral responsibility of a stewardship, that you may administer of your superfluity with kind feeling and discrimination to your needy, sick, or less fortunate fellow-creatures.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE YELLOW FEVER AT CARTHAGENA.

ABOUT the middle of the Peninsular war, I obtained a commission in the military service of his Majesty King George III, and was ordered to join the army under the command of Lord Wellington. It was a bright and exciting event for a youth of my temperament to find himself in that land of chivalry and romance—sunny Spain. Without dwelling on my sojourn in the delightful city of Cadiz, where I disembarked, suffice it to say that I was at length detached to Carthagená, the once eminent sea-port and naval arsenal on the coast of Murcia, in the Mediterranean.

At the period to which this narrative refers, there was an English garrison at Carthagená, the presence of which infused a little fresh life into a city formerly so celebrated for its safe and spacious harbour, grand arsenal, strong fortifications, beautiful edifices, and busy, prosperous population. Now, however, it was gloomy, and comparatively deserted. In the magnificent basin of the arsenal, formerly crowded with noble men-of-war, there was not a single ship, the capacious warehouses for naval stores were empty, grass was growing in the principal streets of the city, and the population, which in bygone times consisted chiefly of public functionaries connected with the dockyard, and the numerous artisans and people of all grades employed therein, together with a large number of merchants, tradesmen, and so forth, was reduced to a few remnants of the various grades and their families. The total destruction of the Spanish navy at the battle of Trafalgar, was a death-blow to the prosperity of Carthagená.

The arrival of a British force of about a thousand men was hailed with delight by the half-famished inhabitants. The supplies needed for the English garrison were extensive; our officers spent their money freely, and the gloomy city soon began to wear a brighter aspect. The few families of any standing who still remained, threw their doors open to receive our officers at their *tertulias*, or *conversaciones*, which do not entail any expense on the part of the hosts; and when the extent of the general privations became gradually known, measures were taken, by command of the gallant general in command of the British forces, for giving relief in a way that could not wound the most sensitive minds. In this he was zealously seconded by the officers.

The English soon became especial favourites at Carthagená. The coffee-houses and public promenades were well frequented; parties were arranged to

visit picturesque spots, either at the foot of the mountains in the vicinity, or in little sandy coves on the borders of the beautiful Mediterranean sea. Sheltered from the scorching sun in cool grottoes, the chatty groups partook of the provisions they had brought with them, and returned in the calm refreshing evenings to the city; the ladies, in small vehicles called *tartanas*, gaily painted, and covered with awnings of pure white canvas, adorned with borders and tassels of bright colours, while the gentlemen rode on horseback. How joyously we caracolled by the side of the *tartanas*, drawn by spirited handsome mules, excited by their jingling collar-bells, and filled with señoritas, accompanied by their parents or elderly relatives! How coquettishly the fans were shaken at us! And what a number of silly things we youngsters must have said and done! But life is a chequered scene, and we were soon to receive a solemn lesson of its uncertainties, and of the wisdom of being prepared in its brightest seasons for contact with the realities of another world.

In the midst of this delightful state of things, rumours arose that some cases of the epidemic—the yellow fever—had occurred in the city. We, the English, paid but little attention to these reports. Not so the Spaniards, however. The recollection of the frightful scourge, which was emphatically termed “the great epidemic,” a few years previously, was too vivid not to occasion the utmost alarm at the bare probability of its return; so that, in spite of every effort to conceal it, incipient panic was visible in almost every countenance.

Neither at that, or any other period of my life, have I had the slightest dread of infection or disease of any kind, and I did all I could to rally my Spanish friends out of their very natural apprehensions. At length, however, the hideous pest broke out with the utmost fury, carrying off daily large numbers of every class. All who could leave the place did so immediately; but those formed a very small portion indeed of the helpless inhabitants. The British troops were all marched out of the city, and located either in the two commanding forts of Atalaya and Galeras, built on two lofty rocks commanding the harbour, or cantoned in miserable villages at some distance from the city walls.

General Ross, our gallant commander, soon fell a victim to his untiring efforts to secure the health of the English troops. I was quartered, with a brother officer, in a dilapidated hut in a half-ruined hamlet, near the foot of one of the rocky eminences just mentioned, and we made ourselves as happy as we could. Strict orders were given that neither officers nor men should enter the infected city; but I confess that more than once I managed to elude this regulation.

Never shall I forget the deadly aspect of the silent and nearly deserted streets. Almost all the shops were closed; and ever and anon I came opposite a house with the words “*Aquí hay contagio*”—“There is contagion here”—chalked on the closed street-door in large characters; and wan-looking men were to be seen creeping noiselessly along, carrying rude coffins or boxes, containing corpses, to be deposited in carts stationed at certain

points for the conveyance of the dead to the cemetery, about a mile from the city.

After a time, my duties required that I should remove to a sort of hut—a goatherd’s, I think it must have formerly been—on the slope of a rugged hill, looking down upon the port. It consisted only of four plank walls, a crazy door, and one small unglazed window; the roof was slanting, also formed of planks. Before going there I had felt not quite myself, as to healthy sensations, but I thought little or nothing about it. Soon, however, I was severely attacked by the epidemic. The British medical officers attached to the hospital ship in the harbour paid me every attention in their power, almost worn out as they were by the incessant calls upon their time and skill. I had a Portuguese servant, who had been with me some time. I do not think he had a hard master. He was a man of about thirty; swarthy, but good-looking enough, having a bushy head of hair, and immense whiskers, both quite black. My bed consisted of a canvas palliasse, stuffed with chopped straw, and a bolster of the same materials. The bedstead was a cot frame, standing upon four short legs. There was no flooring to the hut—the bare earth only—and very glad I was to get such quarters, quite good enough for any soldier, from a general to a drummer.

Well, I was very ill, though quite sensible, throughout the raging fever. I had an impression that I should not recover the attack. One afternoon, when I was at the worst, my servant, who—no doubt fearing the contagion—had kept as much aloof from me as he could all the morning, vanished by the crazy door, and did not return for many hours. I was fearfully weak, and soon a deadly sickness came on—that *vomito negro*, or black vomit, which is considered to be, almost invariably, a fatal symptom. I contrived, with great difficulty, to get my head to the edge of the palliasse, but my face fell upon the dusty floor. I had no strength to raise myself. I thought I was dying, and I wished I could send a loving message to my dear mother in England. I felt indignant at the conduct of my servant, of whom I had taken every care when he had been ill not long before, in deserting me at so critical a moment; and I think this indignant feeling, under Providence, saved my life. It stimulated me, when, under other circumstances, I should have quietly sunk to death. That is the ordinary characteristic of the last moments of those who are seized with this dire malady.

Whilst in this state, I heard the frail door creak. Slowly, slowly, it opened; and, at last, the large hairy head of my servant protruded through the aperture; the great black eyes peering inquisitively about the place. No doubt he thought I must be dead, and came to see what spoil he could get. I managed to make a beckoning motion; the creature advanced, and I bade him, in a feeble voice, to lift me up and lay me upon the palliasse. Then I got him to wash my lips and face, covered with saturated dust, after which I fell into a doze. How long it lasted I cannot say; but, on awaking, all I felt was extreme helplessness; no pain—no nausea.

Daily, but very slowly, I gained some strength,

and I was eventually removed to the small village of Santa Lucia, on the edge of a little bay, or inlet at the foot of the harbour. I had a room on the ground floor of a small dwelling adjoining the road, leading, amongst other places, to the public cemetery. My window was protected by iron bars, as is the custom in Spain; and as soon as I could crawl about, I passed a good part of each day there, inhaling the invigorating sea air. The heat was intense. Few persons passed along the silent road. There was, however, one vehicle which regularly went to and fro twice a day—the dead-cart. It was drawn by a lean, sorry horse, and the driver was a sallow, unwholesome looking man, who always sat on one of the shafts, very often eating bread and garlic, as he drove slowly along towards the cemetery. The cart was a covered one, but the sides were formed of railings, through which the dead bodies, heaped upon each other, could be partially seen. Of course I tried to avoid being at the window when the cart passed by; but as it came at irregular hours, and by a turn in the road close by, the sickening sight sometimes came upon me unawares.

One day I witnessed a very curious scene from my barred window. It was a funeral procession. No doubt the defunct had been a person of some note, to be thus carried, alone, to his last earthly home. There was a Roman Catholic priest, in his vestments, and a little boy shaking a small tinkling bell, from time to time. Then came the coffin, carried on men's shoulders; the procession being closed by six poor miserable men, clad in worn brown cloth cloaks. Each man carried a long thick lighted wax torch, and as the last passed near my window, he suddenly turned his back to the others, drew forth from under his cloak a large clasp-knife, with which he cut off about half a foot of the thick waxen torch, put it and the knife in his pocket, and then, holding the torch by the inside of his cloak, so as to render its curtailment imperceptible, he turned round again and gravely took his place as the last in the procession. All this was done in a few seconds. His roguery, ill-timed as it was, caused me at the moment to laugh heartily, which, no doubt, did me a world of good.

The last trick Antonio, my servant, played me, was to nearly starve my horse to death. I bought him, before I became ill, of a German officer, who had deserted from the French army, commanded by Marshal Soult. *Such a horse!* He was full sixteen hands high, had a grand head and neck, but a most extraordinarily hollow back. His fore-legs were very good, but the hind ones unusually short—cow-like. His gait was therefore very singular. I, of course, often asked Antonio if he drew the forage-ration, regularly fed, groomed, and took care of the horse, and how he was going on; to all of which questions he answered satisfactorily. When I felt strong enough to walk out, I ordered him to bring the horse to the door for my inspection. The stable was a good way off. After a long delay he appeared, leading a quadruped whose *genus* it would have puzzled the *savans* of the Zoological Gardens to decide upon. It looked to

me something between a giraffe and a bear. It was covered with long matted hair, had a profuse dusty main and tail, and was rather dragged than led along, so weak and exhausted it was.

"What's this?" cried I.

"El caballo, señor—the horse, sir."

"Caballo!" said I.

"Si, señor—*your* horse."

The poor animal turned its languid eyes towards me, as much as to say, "You don't know me, master, but I do *you*. Do give me something to eat."

I at once saw how matters stood. Antonio had drawn the forage, and had sold the greater portion for his own benefit; moreover, he had never groomed the poor animal, whose coat had grown till, as I said before, it looked more like that of a bear, or a shaggy dog. The dishonesty and cruelty of the man disgusted me, and I threatened to hand him over to the provost marshal for severe punishment. I instantly made him feed the horse, and afterwards groom him before my own eyes, and ordered him to do so daily. When the poor animal had had a moderate feed, and a due complement of fresh water, and the currycomb had been properly used, he turned his head towards me again, as though he would have said, "Thank you, master: I shall soon be able to carry you cheerily."

At length the fearful malady wore itself out; and, ere long, I returned to Cadiz for the benefit of my health, which soon became quite re-established.

#### TRUE LIFE.

SIR THOMAS SMITH, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, sent for his friends, the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, a short time before his death. He entreated them to draw up from the Scriptures (which were then not within the reach of many) a plain and exact statement of Divine truth and the way of salvation, because "most men knew not to what end they were born into the world till they were about to go out of it." The more celebrated Secretary Walsingham, in writing to Lord Burleigh, said: "We have lived long enough to our country, to our fortunes, and to our sovereign; it is high time that we began to live for ourselves and for God." The learned and pious Donne, on his death-bed, in taking a solemn farewell of his friends, said: "I count all that part of my life lost which I spent not in communion with God, or in doing good." The spirit of these anecdotes is expressed happily in the following lines of Cowper:—

"He lives who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside;  
For other source than God is none  
Whence life can be supplied.  
To live to God is to requite  
His love as best we may;  
To make his precepts our delight,  
His promises our stay.  
But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys comprised,  
Is falsely named, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguised.  
Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above?  
Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel;  
Much menaced, nothing dread;  
Have wounds, which only God can heal,  
Yet never ask his aid?"

COWPER.

## VARIETIES.

**A TERRIFIC CAVERN.**—Mr. J. W. Atkinson, F.R.G.S., delivered a lecture lately, when he described a fearful cavern which he had met with in the course of his travels. While travelling along the steppe, near the foot of the Alaton mountains, he said he came to the brink of one of the dry river beds frequently found in those regions. This was the evident trace of the sudden disruption of a mountain lake by a fearful earthquake at some period. Travelling along the bed of the stream he came to a deep valley, about fifteen miles long and four miles wide, surrounded by mountains varying from 5000 to 7000 feet in height. This had been a deep mountain lake, proved beyond all doubt by the sand and shells spread over its bed. "I also found," continued Mr. Atkinson, "the water-line on the cliffs, showing that the depth was 560 feet. Nearly opposite to the gorge by which we had entered, there was another in the mountains to the north. On reaching it I found this was also a deep and narrow ravine, and no doubt formed by the earthquake; through this the water had rushed, draining the lake, and had formed the great watercourse on the plain. We shortly entered the chasm, which I found was about 120 yards wide, covered with fallen rocks, among which a torrent was foaming with great fury. Our way was a rough and dangerous one; sometimes several hundred feet above the stream, and then descending nearly to the level of the water. At last we reached a spot beyond which, to all appearance, we could not proceed. We were now a little above the torrent, which was hidden from our view, and close in front of us the rocks rose up like a wall to an enormous height. A loud roaring of the water was heard, which induced me to suppose it was rolling over a deep fall. The old guide told me it was Shaitan's Cavern, swallowing up the river. The mouth of the cavern was formed by a rugged arch, about fifty feet wide and seventy feet high. The river entered this opening by a channel cut into the solid rock; it was about thirty feet wide and ten feet deep. A ledge of rocks, about twelve feet wide, formed a terrace along the edge of the stream, and just above the level of the water. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I prepared to explore the cavern by placing my packet of baggage and my rifle on a rock, and the two Cossacks followed my example. The guide watched these proceedings with great interest, but when he beheld us enter the cavern he was horrified. Having proceeded about twenty paces, the noise caused by the falling water was fearful, and a cold chilling blast met us. From this point the cavern extended both in width and height, but I could form no idea of its dimensions. We cautiously groped our way on in the gloom for about eighty yards from the entrance, when we could see the river bound into a terrific abyss—"black Erebus"—while some white vapour came wreathing up, giving the spot a most supernatural appearance. Few persons could stand on the brink of this gulf without a shudder; the roaring of the water was dreadful as it echoed in the lofty dome. It was impossible to hear a word spoken, nor could this scene be contemplated long; there was something too fearful for the strongest nerves when trying to peer into these horrible depths. We turned away and looked towards the entrance; for a distance the sides and arch were lighted up, but the great space and vast dome were lost in darkness. I sat down about fifty yards from the entrance, and in the twilight made a sketch of the scene. Having emerged from the ravine, we looked down on the last low ridge; this appeared about three miles across, and at a short distance beyond we saw the fire of our companions blazing brightly."

**MR. BUCKLAND'S EXPLANATION OF FROG SHOWERS.**—It may not here be out of place to give the interpretation of frog showers, as now most generally received by competent judges. The actual fact, that considerable spaces of ground have been suddenly covered with numerous small frogs, where there were no frogs before, has been proved beyond a doubt. Some have called in the aid of

water-spouts, whirlwinds, and similar causes to account for their elevation into the regions of air, and some have even thought that they were formed in the clouds, from whence they were precipitated. It has generally been in August, and often after a season of drought, that these hordes of frogs have made their appearance; but with Mrs. Siddons, we will exclaim, "How gat they there?" Simply as follows: the animals have been hatched, and quitted their tadpole state and their pond at the same time, days before they became visible to, or rather observed by, mortal eyes. Finding it unpleasant in the hot parched fields, and also running a great chance of being then and there dried up by the heat of the sun, they wisely retreated to the coolest and dampest places they could find, viz., under clods and stones, where, on account of their dusky colour, they escaped notice. Down comes the rain, out come the frogs, pleased with the change. Forthwith appears an article in the country paper; the good folks flock to see the phenomenon. There are the frogs hopping about; the visitors remember the shower, and a "simple countryman" swears that the frogs fell in the shower, and he saw them fall; frogs, visitors, countrymen, editors, are all pleased, and nobody un deceives them, nor are they willing to be undeceived.—*Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History."*

**CHINESE RICE-PAPER DRAWINGS.**—Of their drawings, those on rice-paper are most admired in Europe. By the name "rice-paper," the idea is conveyed that the soft, brittle ground of velvety surface, on which the brilliant colours are laid, is made from rice-pulp. This, however, is incorrect. It is the pith of a plant of the bread-fruit genus, brought from the western parts of China, chiefly to Canton, where the manufacture of this paper and painting gives employment to several thousand hands. The outline is first laid on in Indian ink by pressure. Then, the rough delineation is filled up with the varieties of exquisite colouring matter.—*"Life in China,"* by Rev. William C. Milne, M.A.

**BARTHOLOMEW FAIR IN 1248.**—On the 13th of October, 1248, King Henry III, with many prelates and magnates, met at London to celebrate the memory of the Translation of St. Edward. The King then caused a new fair to be proclaimed at Westminster, which should continue fifteen days; and prohibited all other fairs that used to be kept at that time of the year throughout England; and also all trading within the city of London within doors and without during that time, that this fair at Westminster might be the more plentifully stored and frequented with all sorts of goods and people.—*Morley's "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair."*

**MANLY EXERCISES.**—I have sent you to Eton that you may be taught your duties as an English young gentleman. The first duty of such a person is to be a good and religious Christian, the next is to be a good scholar, and the third is to be accomplished in all manly exercises and games, such as rowing, swimming, jumping, cricket, and the like. Most boys, I fear, begin at the wrong end, and take the last first; and what is still worse, never arrive at either of the other two at all. I hope, however, better things of you; and to hear first that you are a good, truthful, honest boy, and then that you are one of the hardest workers in your class; and after that, I confess I shall be by no means sorry to hear that you can show the idle boys that an industrious one can be a good cricketer, and jump as wide a ditch, or clear as high a hedge as any of them.—*Letter of Baron Alderson to his Son.*

**"NOT OF THE DEAD BUT OF THE LIVING."**—That was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady, on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living. She answered: "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."